

## THE SUM OF LIFE.

BY THE LATE J. O. ROCKWELL,

**SEARCHER OF GOLD,** whose days and nights  
All waste away in anxious care,  
Estranged from all life's pure delights,  
Unlearned in all that is most fair—  
Who sailest not with easy glide,  
But delvest deep in the depths of tide,  
And strugglest in the foam—  
hO come and view this land of graves—  
Deaths northern sea of frozen waves—  
And mark thou out thy home.

**LOVER OF WOMAN,** whose sad heart  
Wishes like a fountain. In the sun,  
Clings most where most its pain does start,  
Dies by the light it lives upon—  
Come to the land of graves; for here  
Are beauty's smile, and beauty's fear,  
Gathered in holy trust.

Here shrubs form as false as those  
Whose cheeks, now living, shame the rose—  
Their glory turned to dust.

**LOVER OF FAME,** whose foolish thought  
Steals onward from the wave of time—  
Tell me, what goodness hath it brought,  
Atoning for that restless crime?

The spirit-mansion desolate,  
That opens to the storms of fate,  
The absent soul in fear—  
Bring home thy thoughts and come with me,  
And see where all thy pride must be!

Sorrows of time, look here!

**AND WARRIOR,** thou with snowy plume,  
That guest to the longe's call—  
Come and look down—this lonely tomb,  
Shall hold thee and thy glories all:  
The haughty bows—the manly frames—  
The daring deeds—the noble bane—  
Are trophies but for death!

And millions who have toiled like thee  
Were shod, and here they sleep, and see,  
Does glory lead them breath?

## STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate."—St. Paul.

## READY RYLAND;

Showing how 'the shine' was taken out of him.

Laughing, loving, frolicking, rousing, fighting, tearing, dancing, singing, good natured Reddy! of all the kind-hearted, light-hearted, gay-hearted fellows that ever whirled a sillah at a fight, (when he could not help it,) or covered the buckle\* at a fair, Reddy Ryland was the king! His very face was a jest book. His eyes, though wild and blue, were not as mischievous as mischievous; his full, flexible mouth was surrounded by folds and dimples, where wit and humor rested at all times and all seasons. His hat sat in a most knowing manner upon the full rich curls of his brown hair; his gay-colored silk handkerchief was tied so loosely round his throat, that if it were possible he had ever seen a picture of Byron, folks would have said he was imitating the lordly poet; his figure was that of a lithesome and graceful mountaineer; his voice the very echo of mirth and joy; and his name for ten miles round his mother's dwelling (Reddy was resolved it should not be considered his until after her death) was sure to excite either a smile or a blessing, perhaps both. With all this, Reddy was careful of the main chance—good farmer in a small way, and a prosperous one; read Martin Doyle and Captain Blaikyer; understood green crops, and stall'd his cow; had really brewed his own beer twice, and it had turned sour once; talked of joining the Temperance Society; though I need not add, that if Reddy had been fond of 'the drop,' he would not have been the prosperous fellow he was. Here, then, was an Irish peasant free from the common faults of his countrymen! he seldom procrastinated; was sober, honest, truthful, diligent, and to use the phrase which his mother applied to him at least ten times a day, 'was a good son as ever raised his head beneath the canopy of heaven.' What, then, can I have to say of Reddy Ryland, more than to give honor due to his good qualities? If this be all, my task is nearly done; for the language of praise, I am told, is used sparingly by the prudent; people in the ordinary way tie amazingly over the record of their neighbor's virtues. It is very delightful to feel their good effects; to enjoy the advantages arising therefrom; but we do not like to hear them lauded; what we call too highly; it is a sort of implied censure on our own imperfections, that we do not relish; consequently, we are by many degrees too anxious to pick our faults, and thrust our tongues therein, as children do into small rents, to make them larger. The rent, the faulty spot in Reddy's character, was unfortunately large enough for all the country to wag through; and let no one suppose that his popularity presented, many a bitter animadversion upon his imperfection; his particular friends never praised him without exclaiming, 'Ah, thin, he is a darlin'; sorra a one like him in the country; and sure it's an angel he'd be all out, but for that fault he has.' It certainly is marvellous how our intimates discover and publish our faults, oiling their observations with 'what a pity!' Reddy's fault was, in a word, a superabundance of conceit—real personal vanity. When he was a little boy, he used to draw his hair in every tub of water that came in his way; and when he grew up 'a slip of a boy,' his first pocket money purchased—a looking-glass.

Reddy was intolerably vain—he thought himself the handsomest 'boy' in the barony; and more than that, he had the impudence to declare that no woman could refuse him! I must confess that the country girls had, if not soon, cultivated this vanity to a very considerable extent; they paid him a great deal too much attention, which is any thing but good for men in general, and the consequence was, that Reddy considered himself very much as a sort of Irish grand sultan, who had nothing to do but throw his handkerchief upon the favored fair one; and he she who might, she would rejoice to become his bride.

'Ah, thin, Reddy dear!' exclaimed his mother one Sunday morning, when Reddy had, even in her opinion, taken a very long time to dress for mass—'Ah, thin, Reddy dear, what ails the time?' Mother, dear, it's 'boots' that's in it; and I'm thinking they'll wrinkle on the instep.'

'Well, dear, why are you faulting them so?—Sure they're mighty slim and party to look at; and the only wonder I have is, how ye ever get your feet into them. Oh, then, what would yer father say to see ye turning out on the road in single soles, without so much as a sparble in the heel.'

\*A favorite Irish step (not known in quadrille.)

Oh, my! why, then, Reddy, you have a mighty party fit!

'Well, mother, it's nate, I don't deny it,' he answered, elevating his foot, and viewing it in every position—I never get on the floor† without seeing the notice that's taken of it, especially in heel and toe; that's the step to show the shape to advantage—woop!

And Reddy cut a caper, while his mother said, 'Aisy, Reddy; it's time enough to begin that sort of *disarish* after mass. That's a mighty party handkerchief ye've got about yer neck, dear: they do be saying you don't close up yer throat because it's so handsome; ye always had a mighty claret skin.'

Reddy showed his teeth at the compliment. 'Darling, boy, yer hair is a thrife too long; I'll cut it the morrow morning if ye like.'

'Mother,' answered Reddy, somewhat indignantly, 'ye may dook all the children in the parish, but ye shan't massacre my curls any more—Ye spoilt me entirely last fair day.'

'Well, dear,' answered the mother, who was perfectly conscious of her son's weakness, though she encouraged it, 'there's the bowl dish I always put on yer father's head when I cut his hair; that I might trim it all round, even one would have thought the dish made on his head, it fitted so beautifully; that was when first we was married; but, heid! after a fair or a faction fight, the knobs would grow up, and grow out, and push it up—Always allowed for them in the cutting—and he never said—not he, (the heavens be his bed!) 'Nell, it's not to my liking.' He was as handsome to the full as you, Reddy, arrick! but never took as much pride out of himself as you do—Now, don't put a frown upon your joy of a face to your old mother, my son. The times are changed now, the young men think more of themselves than they used; times and fashions do change, agnst! Sure I mind the mistress at the big house riding to church on a pillion behind the coachman, in a green Joseph, a gold watch as big as yer fist, and beautiful beaver and feather—jeg jump, jeg jump! all along the road. And then of a week day, my darlin! to see her up before the maids in the morning at day-break, and rowling out the pastry for company, and clearing jelly—that was her glory. And now, why, the ladies ride in coaches, and leaves word with the maids to get up, and orders the pastry, and fells the jolly, arrick machree! There's not the heartiness in the country of the good old times; we're fading from sunbames into moonbames: that's what ails us!'

'Am I a moonbame, mother?' inquired the son with an inquiring look.

A moonbame arrick! Ah, thin, no; that you ain't. You're a flasho! lightning, hoy—oh! that's what you are. And if you take a taste of pride out of yerself, who has a better right, and all the country putting it into you.'

Reddy perfectly agreed with his mother, and after giving her a hearty kiss, as it was yet too early for second and too late for the first prayers, he thought he would open his heart to her as he had long intended to do.

'Ah, thin, mother darlin, will ye listen to us for a few moments, and give us your advice, which we want at this present time intirely, ye see?'

'Why, thin will to be sure, and pray the Lord to put sense into me for that sake; for a mother's counsel comes oftener from the heart than from the head. What is it, arrick?'

'How odd was my father when he married? Why, thin, not all but twenty one.'

'And I'm twice next Martianna please God. Mother, that's a shame!'

'That the Lord has given ye so many years, is it said the widow, with great naivete.'

'Dear! how innocent ye are all of a sudden, mother! No, but that I didn't do as my father did before me.'

'Ah, thin, no one can reproach ye with the same arrouces—not many a fair in the country but knows the face and the figure of Reddy Ryland to be the same as his father's—and sure a party girl that ye hadn't made love to ever since ye counted—Oh, my grief! why, Reddy, you made love to party Peggy Garvey before you war turned thirteen—that was kind father for ye any way.'

'Mother, now lave off make-believing innocence; see ye know very well that I name is—it is time I was—married!'

His mother gave a very admirable start of astonishment, and, after a pause said, 'Well, it's only natural, and so—why—sure my darlin boy has only to ax and have only to pick the country! Ah, thin, Reddy, why don't ye make up yer mind to Ellen Rossiter? It's her people, every one of them, that has a warm house and the warm heart.'

'Mother, I've nothing to say against the girl, only I'd be afraid her head would set the house on fire. Now mother that's enough. I never could hide red hair.'

'It's only auburn, my son; and sure, after a few years it will be the color of mine, white like the snow; beauty's but skin deep, though its memory is pleasant when it does fade. Well, there, I'm done; I'll say no more about her. What do you think of Miss Kitty Blackney?'

'She's short, mother; all out too short, mother.'

'Let her stand on her purse, Reddy dear,' replied the mother; 'let her stand on that, and she'll be even with Squire Bain's tall poplar tree! May be Miss Kitty hasn't a purse! Oh, thin, it's yourself that's hard to be pleased; I'll say no more about her, though it's yellow gold she'd give to her, if she had ye. Well, maybe, Mary Murphy is long enough to please ye?'

This may certify, that Providence in his afflictions saw proper to confine me to a bed of sickness about the last of August, 1836. I was attended by two respectable physicians of the Old School practice about seven months and a half, and during that time, though I had a friend or acquaintance thought it possible I should recover. I was even helped by my fast physician to bed, who informed my husband and my friends that 'there was no use to send for any other physician, as he had done his best for me.'

The 'stalking varagah!' She is long enough, but her family's not long. I must have blood, bone and beauty, and that's the thrith, and I'll never marry without it, never throw myself away—that's what I went do. I'll show the country what a wife ought to be. I'll not marry a girl to be ashamed of her people. I'll not marry a poplar nor a furze bush. I'll not marry for money, nor all out pride, nor all out love, only a little of both. I'd like a girl, ye see, that would be proud of her husband, particularly when we'd be both in our Sunday clothes. I'll never marry a girl that hasn't sun-shine in every bit of her face.'

'And in her timer, too, I hope; a good timer is a cordial to a man's heart. It's the nurse of sorrow—the medicine of sickness—the wine of a poor man's table. Whatever ye do, arrick, watch the timer.'

Dance. (Fair. To be continued.)

O. A. BRYANT & CO., have on hand and are just receiving a prime assortment of spring and summer goods, which will be sold at uncommon low prices for cash or credit, ready made, or otherwise.

Please call and see. They will be sold on the same terms as heretofore, excepting that all accounts which are not paid within the year after the account has commenced, will be considered cash, and must be paid in cash.

B. All demands due us of more than one year's standing must be paid, no mistake.

Barndard August 22, 1840.

SIMEON G. CHAMBERLIN.

FITFIELD.—John Fuller, Seth Gibbs, Caroline Gibbs.

## NASHUA AND LOWELL RAIL-ROAD.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.\*

On and after Wednesday, April 1, 1840, the passenger trains on this road will run as follows: Leave the Depot of the Lowell Road, Boston, at 7 and 11 A. M., and 2 and 5 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8 1/4 A. M., 12 1/4 A. M., 3 1/4 and 6 1/4 P. M., or immediately on the arrival of the cars from Boston.

Passengers taken at Tyngsborough, N. Chelmsford, and Lancaster.

All arrangements at the risk of the owners.

From Nashua to Lowell, 50 cents; from Nashua to Boston, \$1.50.

On the arrival of the cars at Nashua, stages leave for any part of New-Hampshire, Concord, Vermont, and Canada, via Keene, Lancaster, Wolfeboro, Kittery, Charlestown, N. H., Windham, and Brattleboro, Vt.

Books are kept at the Stage Offices, Nos. 9 and 11 Elm Street, where seats can be secured in any of the coaches, and correct information obtained respecting all of the following routes:

*Fairfield, Grafton, and Sturbridge, daily, 5 o'clock cars from Brattleboro via Amherst, Concord, Lancaster, and Keene, to Worcester, Boston, and Providence, 1st class, 12 1/2 hours.*

*Hanover, and Franklin, daily, 5 o'clock cars from Boston, via Worcester, Franklin, and Lancaster, 1st class, 12 1/2 hours.*

*For Lancaster, N. H., 7 o'clock cars from Boston Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, via Concord, Gilman Factory Village, same day.*

*For Lancaster, Vt., 7 o'clock cars from Boston, via Claremont, Hanover, and Woodstock, 1st class, 12 1/2 hours.*

*For Lancaster, and Franklin, daily, 5 o'clock cars from Boston, via Worcester, Franklin, and Lancaster, 1st class, 12 1/2 hours.*

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